No.1

Jeansex

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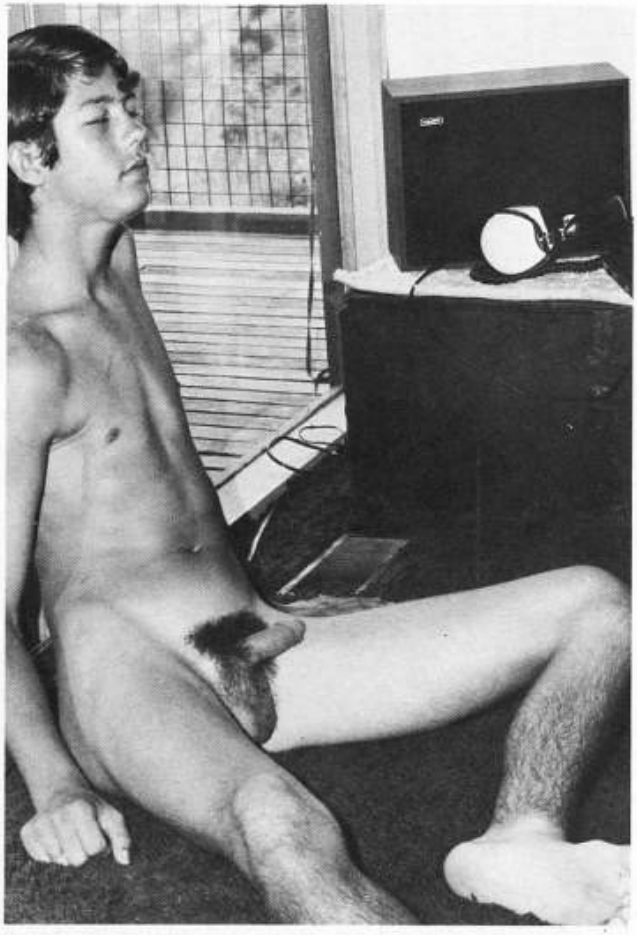
Adults Only

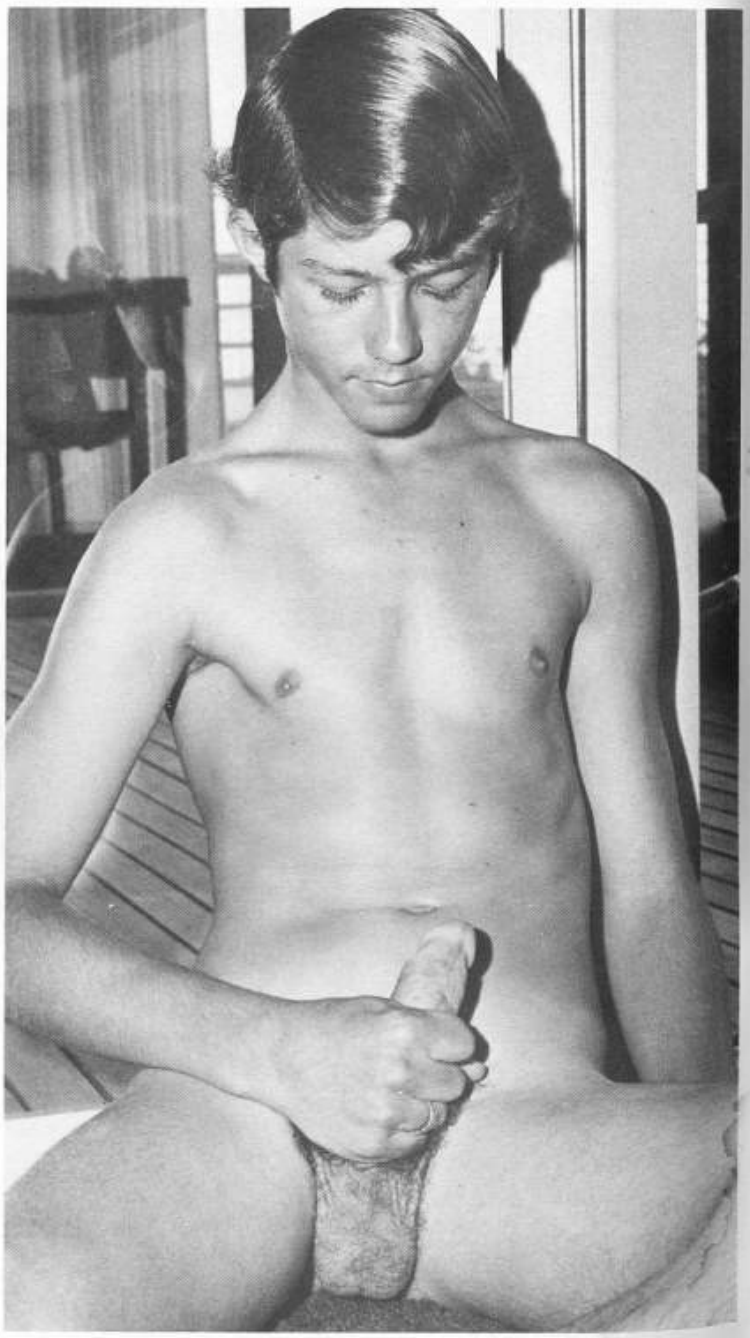
Friends in the End

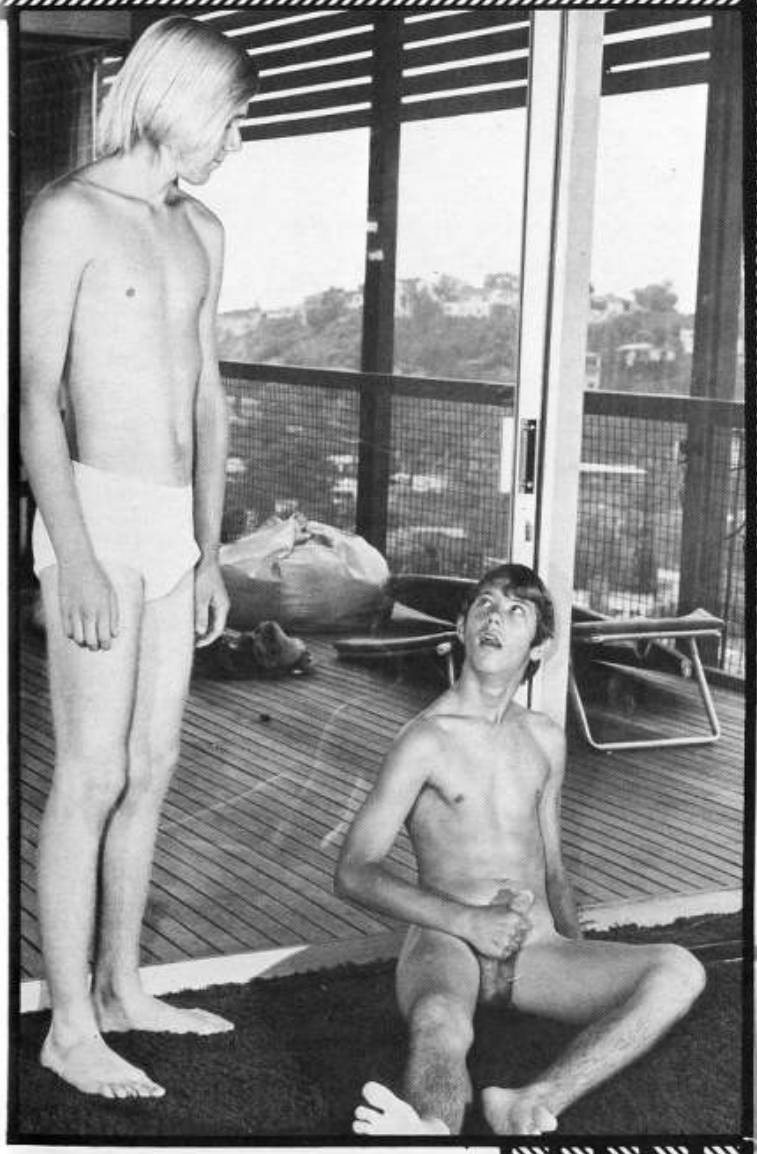


The morning sunlight splashed its soothing warm rays over the wooden flooring of the sun porch. It poured through the glass sliding doors and spilled onto the soft skin of the young boy's naked back. Ron Jenkins lay, eyes closed, against the glass and felt a tingle in his spine as the sun's warmth crept inside him and filtered slowly over his entire body.

For hours he had tossed and turned trying to sleep and at length, as the first light of dawn had peeked into his room, he had stumbled wearily into the living room, hoping to find in the soft music of the stereo something that would induce sleep.

As long as he shared his bed with his friend, Ken Madison, he knew that real sleep would be an impossibility. Ron thought of





himself as "straight," yet—like it or not—Ken affected him like no other guy he had ever known . . . and it frightened him. Lying in bed so close to his handsome blond friend, he found it difficult to restrain himself from reaching out and caressing Ken's soft warm flesh. Not once had he ever thought of doing that with any other boy. Unaccustomed as he was to this need he felt for his friend, Ron was torn between desire and despair.

Although his attraction for Ken had begun shortly after their first meeting months before, it had never seemed so strong as now because the two had never been so completely alone together. With Ron's parents gone for the weekend, the two boys had the house to themselves, and what had promised to be two days of friendly fun together was rapidly turning into a frustrating sexual nightmare for Ron. All of his senses of right and wrong were at odds with this new feeling he had inside. Then, too, if Ken knew his feelings, what would he think . . . ?

Even as thoughts of Ken crept into his conscious, however, he felt the faintest churnings of desire stirring deep within his loins. He wrestled to expel them from his mind, but as always it was fu-

tile. He fought to turn his thoughts away from Ken, but the quivering muscles of his organ were already pleading for attention.

He reached down and closed his fingers around his mounting rod, already churning with the fires of passion. He began to work the muscular meat, squeezing and pulling, until it began to stiffen in his hand. He pumped his hand up and down the now-rigid shaft, slowly at first then faster and faster, half hoping that in releasing his cock of its heavy load, he could also release his mind from thoughts of Ken.

"Can I play too?" Ron went cold. It was Ken's voice.

He looked up in surprise to find

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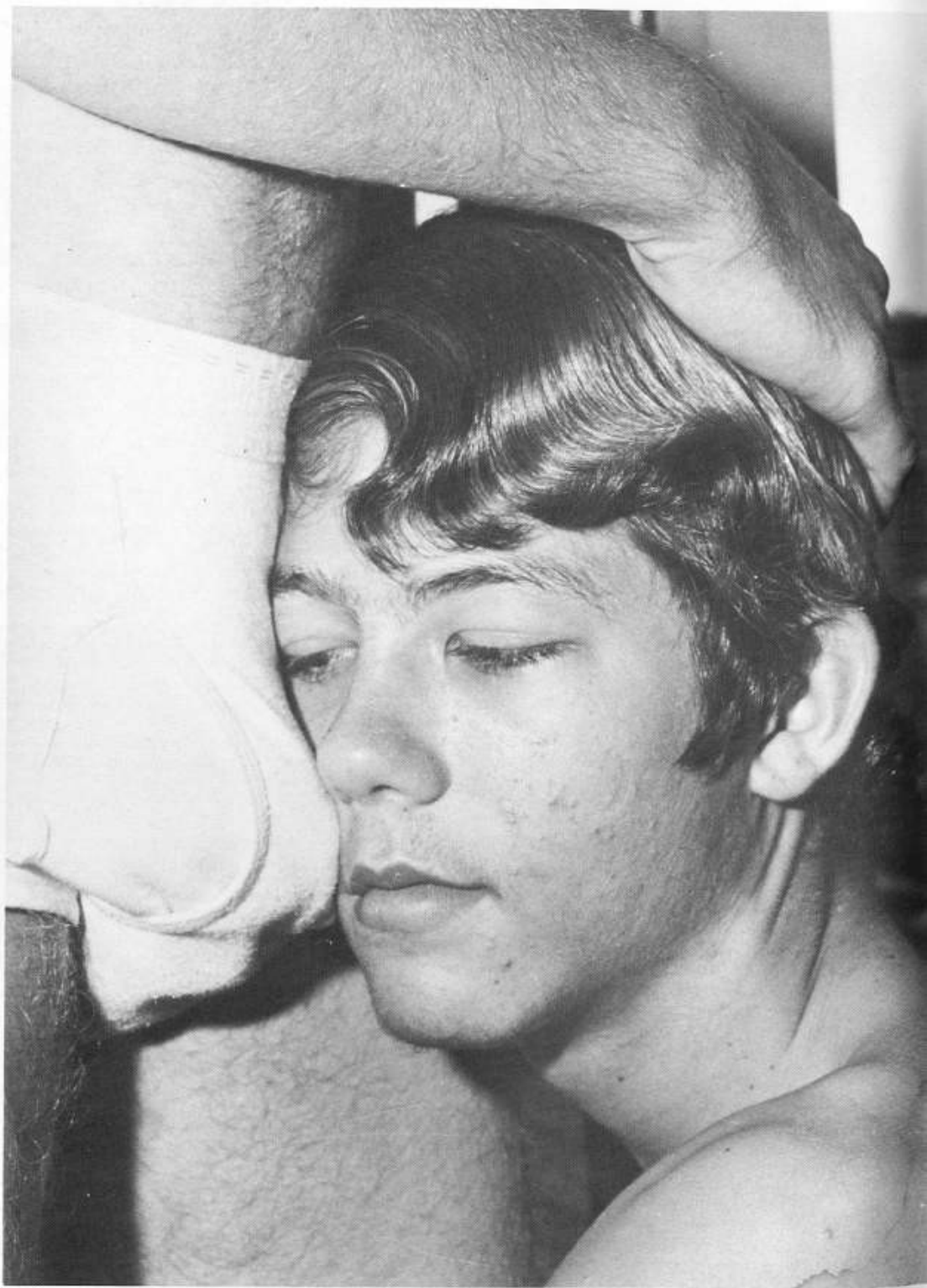

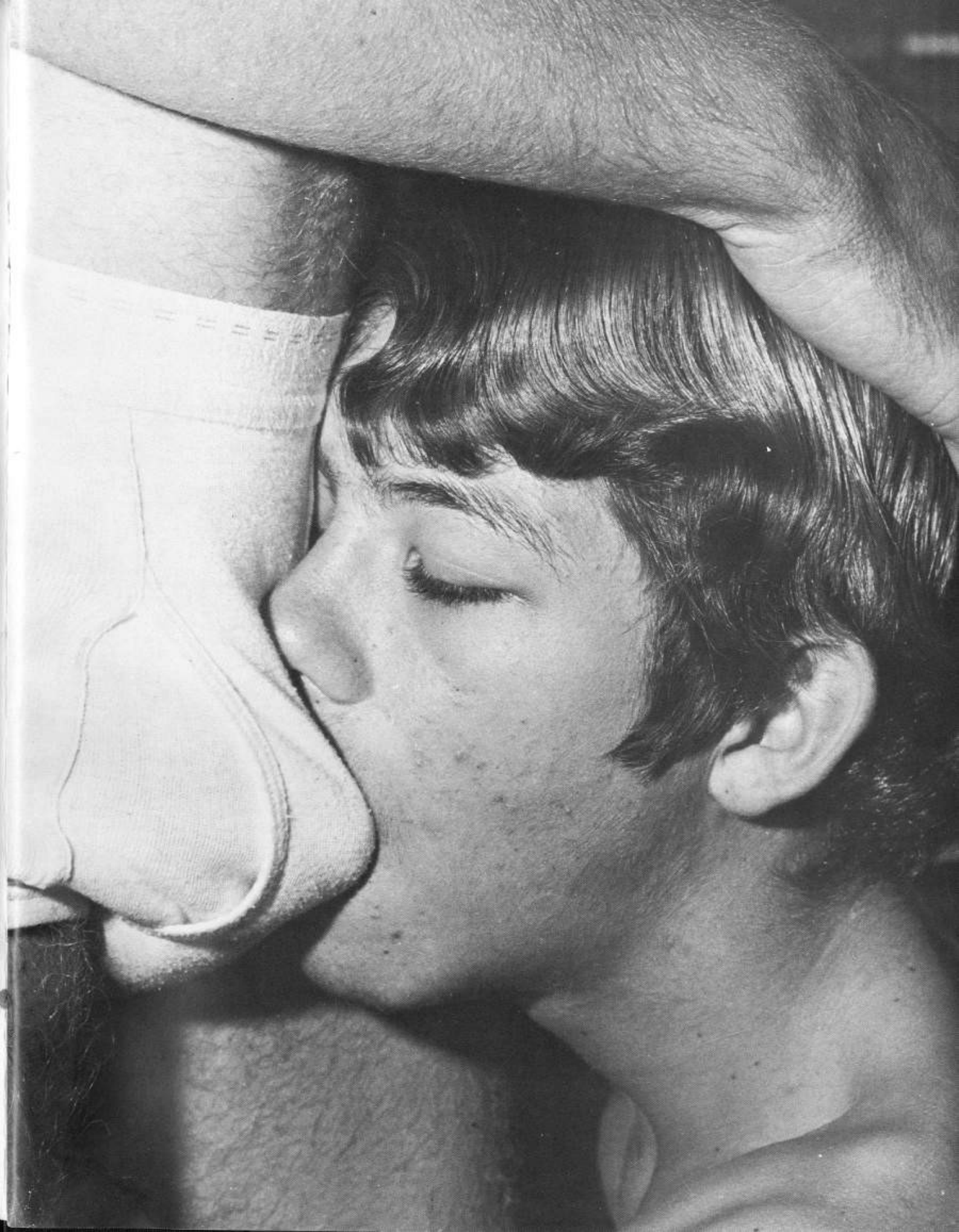

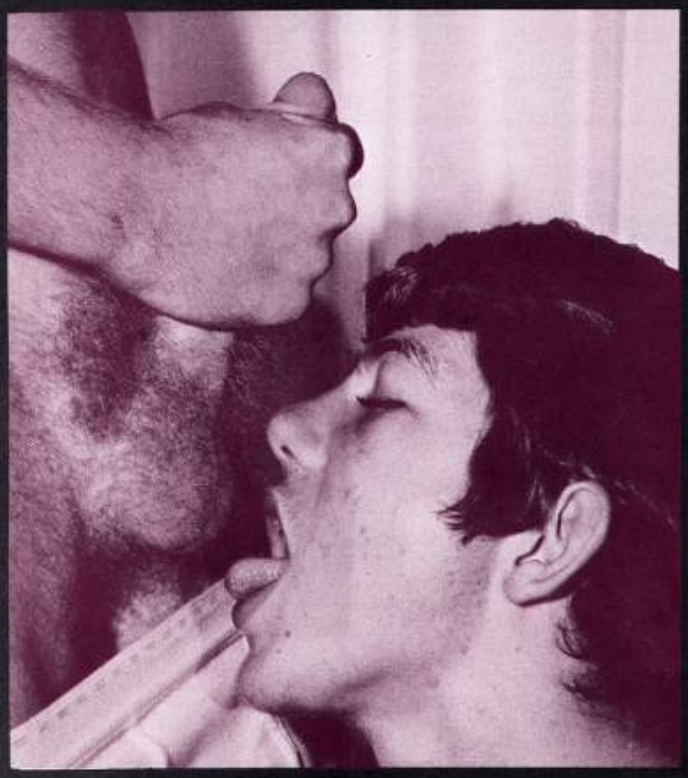

Ken standing over him. Swallowing the lump of embarrassment in his throat, he stared up into Ken's eyes. A chill shot through Ron's body: he saw something in those eyes that he had never seen before—a look of longing and desire that seemed to cry out to him. Could Ken really want him, too? For a moment his mind whirled with the battle that raged inside.

He wanted so desperately to let Ken know exactly how he felt inside and yet it was difficult to admit to himself that the feeling was there. Somehow as long as he kept it inside, it didn't seem quite so real. And only if he didn't really "do" anything with Ken could he keep on thinking of himself as "straight." He closed his eyes tightly in an attempt to shut out the reality of the moment.

As if he understood Ron's dilemma, Ken moved closer towards him. Reaching down he caught Ron's hand in his own and lifted it up placing it on the outside of his briefs. Ron's heart seemed to jump inside his breast and then beat more frantically. Without allowing himself to reflect any longer, he gave himself over completely to his desire. His nightmare was becoming a dream. . . .

He rubbed his hand lightly across the softness of Ken's white briefs. He could feel the heat from that special area pouring out through the cloth. He looked up into Ken's eyes and smiled. This was something they both wanted, and he could feel the response of Ken's body to his touch. Inside the briefs Ken's rod began to jerk slowly upwards. On his knees Ron leaned forward and bit gently into the soft cotton shorts. His teeth sunk into the bulging muscle that was still hidden from his view. With his lips he could feel Ken's cock becoming rigid inside its cloth confines. Ken reached down and pushed Ron's head closer into

the white material of his briefs, forcing him to bite deeper into the promise that was hiding there.

Ron could wait no longer. Slowly he eased the boy's pants downward until all of his rigid tool stood in full view, anxiously waiting for satisfaction. He had never tasted a guy's cock before and for a brief instant he was apprehensive. Then Ken's hand lightly stroking his hair gave him reas-

surance. He rested his head for a while against the shaft breathing deeply of the musky smell of Ken's sex. With his tongue he licked tenderly across the boy's ball sac tasting the salty drops of sweat that had formed there.

Ken's sac was warm and inviting. Lightly covered with more of his blond pubic hair, it contained two large round orbs that were filled with hot sauce. Slowly Ron

sucked one of the testicles into his mouth rolling it across his tongue. It sent a burst of pleasure-pain through Ken's body that made him grind his pelvis into Ron's face.

For a while Ron sucked on the delicate sphere, then he let it fall from his mouth as he drew the other one in. He held the sensitive globe in his mouth and with his teeth he bit easily into the boy's sac. It was like no sensation Ken had ever experienced, and he closed his eyes as his head swayed lightly from side to side.

Soon he could feel Ron's warm moist tongue licking up the base of his shaft across the thick vein in which his blood was pounding furiously. The tip of the tongue played along the flange at the head of his cock and then flicked lightly across the crown. He jerked his pelvis uncontrollably. His knees felt weak under him.

Then Ron's tongue was exploring the curly mound of hair above the base of his staff. Ron licked upward through the pubic hair to where it trickled in a tiny stream across Ken's flat belly and seemed to disappear into his small round navel. With his tongue he dug deep into the button-like hole. It tickled and excited Ken at the same time.

Once again he felt Ron's tongue coming down his belly through his pubic hair and slowly begin to climb up his velvet-covered shaft. Now Ron's tongue was flicking in and out of the tiny slit on the head of Ken's rod. Ken had known nothing like it before. His whole being was lifted to new heights of arousal, and then, when

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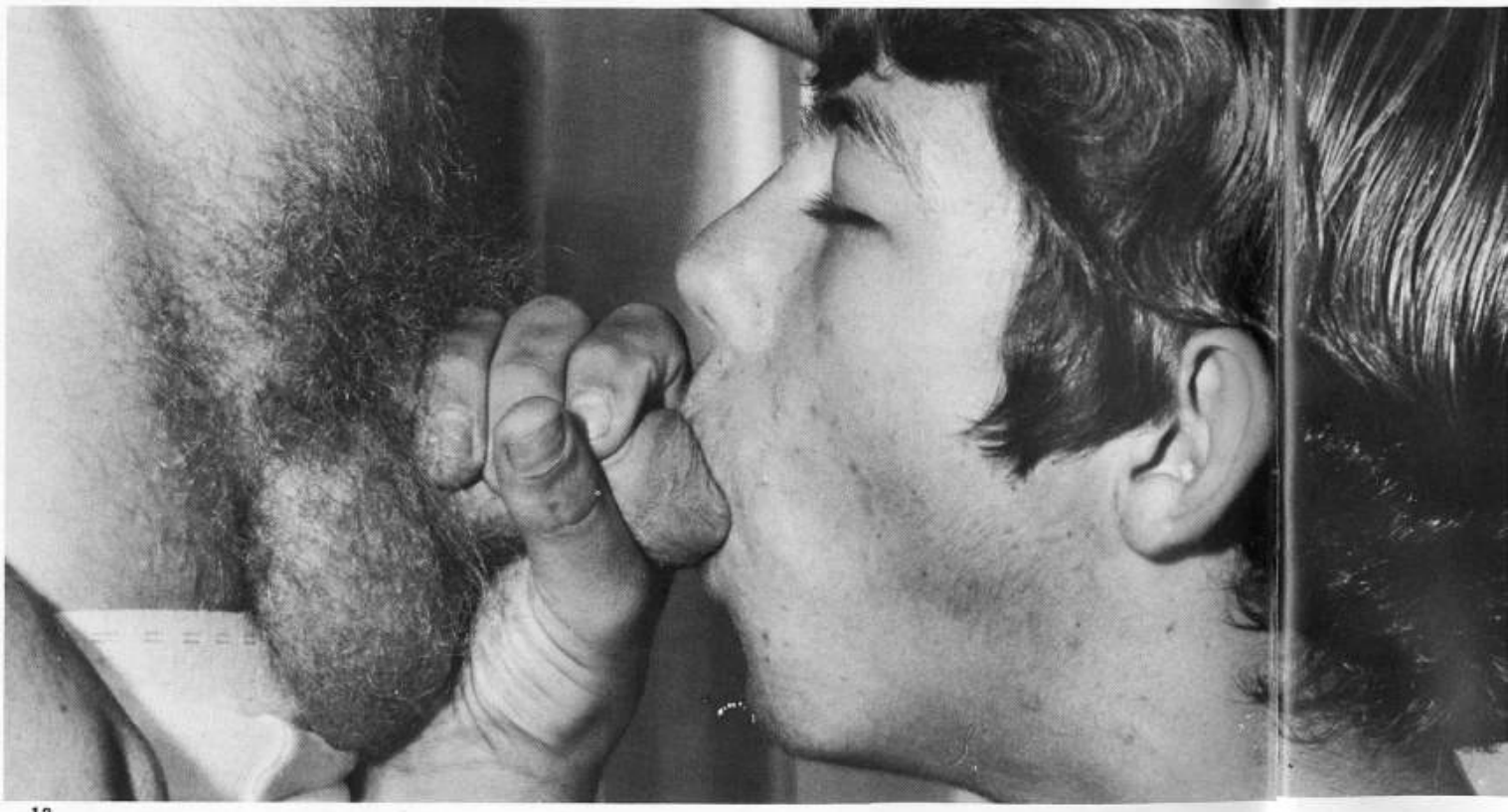


into Ron's mouth. He drank deep of the clear thick liquid, which became a small ring of foam around the flange of Ken's rod as Ron drew it more swiftly in and out of his mouth. More of the sweet syrup poured out onto Ron's tongue, and greedily he drank it down.

Now Ken placed his hands on the top of Ron's head and shoved his pole further into Ron's oral cavity. He began to work his pelvis in a steady rhythmic motion forcing his cock in and out of Ron's receptive mouth. For a time it seemed as if all bodily sensation was suspended in the steel shaft between his legs.

Almost reluctantly Ken felt Ron's mouth releasing his tool, and then the slippery warmth of Ron's tongue was creeping slowly up his body across his chest and neck until the boys' mouths met and pressed tightly together in a

he thought it could get no better, he felt the head of his cock disappearing into the warm cavity of Ron's mouth.

The blond boy moaned with pleasure as his tool was sucked slowly into his friend's mouth. He could feel the wet flesh of Ron's mouth encompassing his rigid tool, surrounding it with moist warmth. Gradually and deliberately Ron began to work the stiff meat in and out of his mouth sending wave after wave of renewed pleasure coursing through Ken's frame.

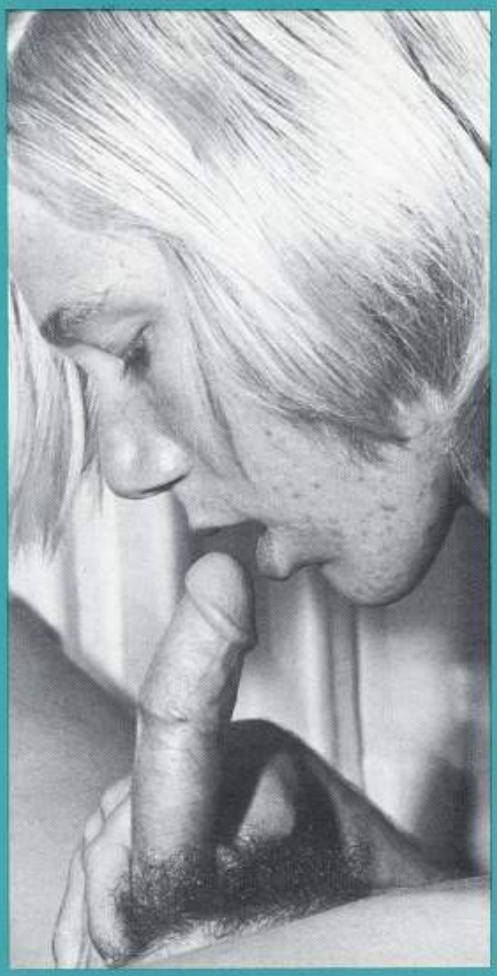
For Ron it was a beautiful moment. Lost in the taste and touch and nearness of his friend's body, he had forgotten completely his earlier fears. His mouth was full of Ken's gorgeous manhood and he sucked deep enjoying fully the taste of the throbbing meat.

The first lubricating juices eased out of Ken's pounding cock and

breathless kiss. For the first time Ron felt Ken's hand reach down and grasp his muscular organ. For a while the two lingered with their mouths melting into each other's, while with his hands each explored the other's body.

Ron shuddered with pleasure as Ken began to fondle his waiting cock. The excitement of having Ken's meat inside his mouth had aroused Ron to the point that his own rod had already begun to emit its lubricating juices. Now his shaft was rigid and slippery in Ken's young powerful hands. Ken began to pump the staff licking at the clear crystal drops that sprang forth out of the tiny slit.

No longer content with merely tasting of Ron's promising manhood, Ken sucked the pole far back into his mouth until he felt gorged with the luscious piece of meat. Ron closed his eyes shutting off his mind to everything but the



momentary pleasure that Ken was so ably giving him. He felt Ken's tongue swirling around the crown of his rod brushing against the supersensitive flange. He placed his hands down flat for support on the chair in which he now sat and arched his body upwards so that his pole disappeared to the hilt inside Ken's mouth. Ken gasped and sucked harder on his friend's throbbing manhood.

Soon Ron was lying on the floor with Ken crouched over him in such a position that Ken's beautiful pole was directly above Ron's mouth. Ken was lost in the delicious taste of his friend's organ and was pleasantly surprised when he felt Ron reach up and clasp his erect tool and take it into his mouth.

For a long while the boys were content to relish in the unique sensation that comes from filling one's mouth with another's meat

while at the same time feeling one's own organ being swallowed up into a soft wet mouth. As their curiosity and desires for new delights became more pronounced, the two began to explore each other's body never ceasing their oral attentions to each other's cock.

Almost simultaneously each discovered the hidden valley between the other's large round buttocks and began to massage the flesh that lay on the inside of that di-

viding crack. Removing his mouth from Ron's pole, Ken began to lick his way downward below the base of Ron's sac between his thighs. Pulling Ron's buttocks up from the floor, Ken buried his head easily inside the deep ravine between the two white melons.

Probing with his forefinger, Ken found the taut round puckered muscle at the entrance to Ron's anal canal. He rubbed his finger across it several times, pressing on the opening gently but forcefully. Suddenly the sphincter seemed to relax and Ken's finger slipped easily inside the hole. The delicious warmth of Ron's inner body encircled Ken's finger. The tight muscles of the channel closed in softly on the intruder.

To Ron, whose tender asshole was as virgin to this sort of experience as the rest of his body, it seemed as if that one small finger was tearing his bunghole wide open. It was at the same time agonizing and infinitely exciting. Cautiously Ken began to stroke the lining of the inner cavern with his finger causing Ron to writhe in pleasure. Ken's movements became more rhythmic as he plunged his finger steadily in and out of Ron's tight chamber.

Ron continued to suck on the rigid meat that Ken offered him. At the same time he reached up and parted the tight cheeks of Ken's ass. Sliding his hand inside the crack, he could feel the sweaty

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warmth of that secret area. With his fingertips he massaged the valley between Ken's two firm melons. At length his fingers zeroed in on the entrance to Ken's canal. Pushing lightly on that circle, Ron's finger was soon buried inside the liquid warmth of Ken's cave.

Easing Ron's hips back to the floor, Ken continued to drive his finger rapidly in and out of Ron's hole while at the same time, he once again took Ron's steaming tool into his mouth. Now both boys were thrusting their fingers rapidly into the other's hole and sucking on the other's erect shaft.

The sweat began to bead up on their bodies as they undulated together as one. Ken could feel his climax about to begin. Inside Ron's mouth his cock was swelling with the load of sperm that was waiting to explode. Pulling his cock out of Ron's mouth, Ken sat up on his knees pounding his rod feverishly as the hot spunk spewed out into the air and landed in warm puddles on Ron's face. Continually, he hammered at his rigid prong draining out every ounce of the satiny fluid.

With a short rest and time to wash up, the boys were soon revived and ready for action again. Ron's rigid pole was still seeking satisfaction, and Ken was quick to respond to his need. Kneeling over Ron's erect prong, Ken took the tool hungrily into his mouth. Ron responded by arching his back and thrusting his quivering rod further into Ken's warm mouth.

Again Ken's finger found the slippery warmth of Ron's taut bunghole. He slid his finger easily into the opening and probed deep searching for the prostate. When he found that area, he began to massage it gently with the tip of his finger. A passionate sob escaped from Ron's lips as he found new delights he never knew existed.

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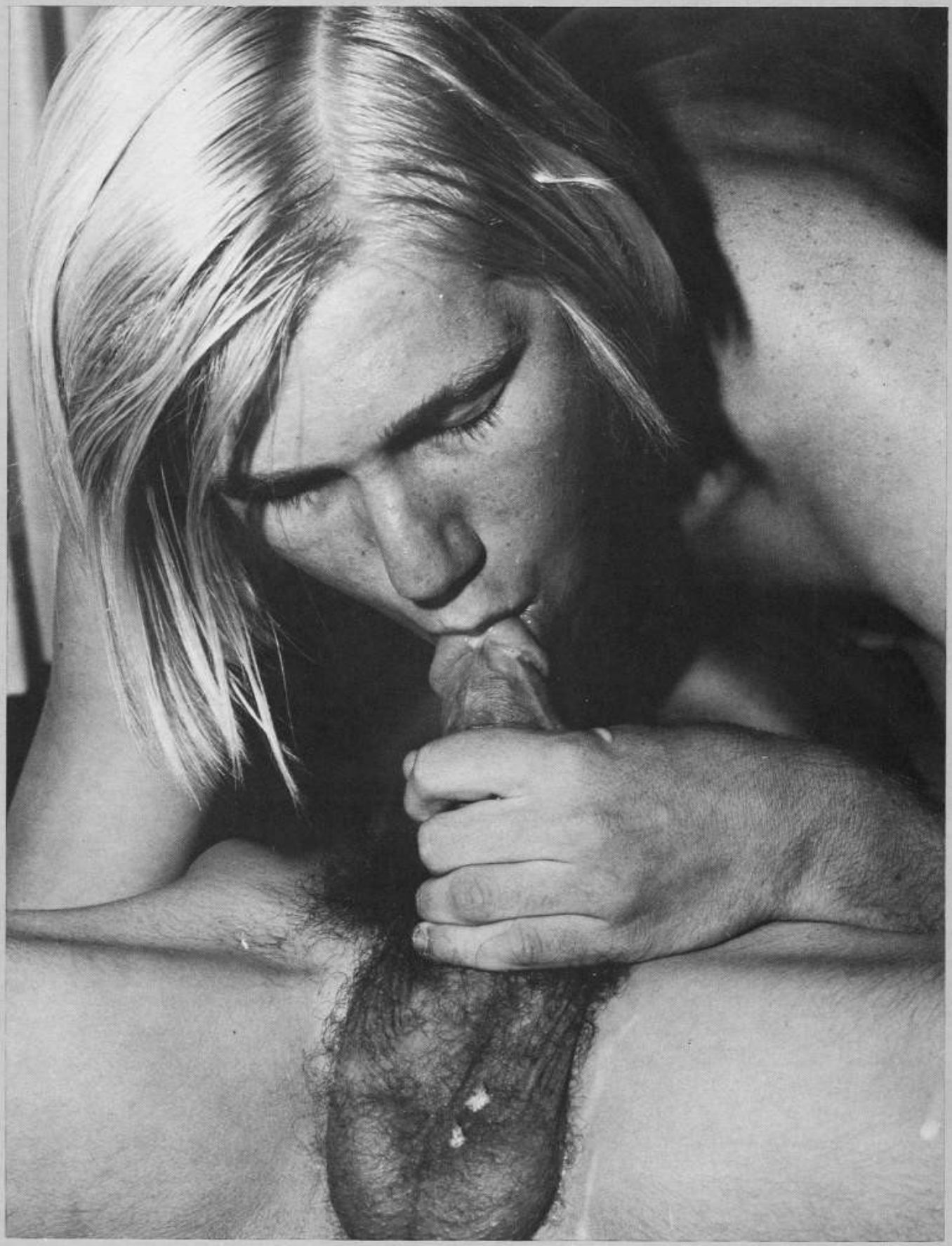
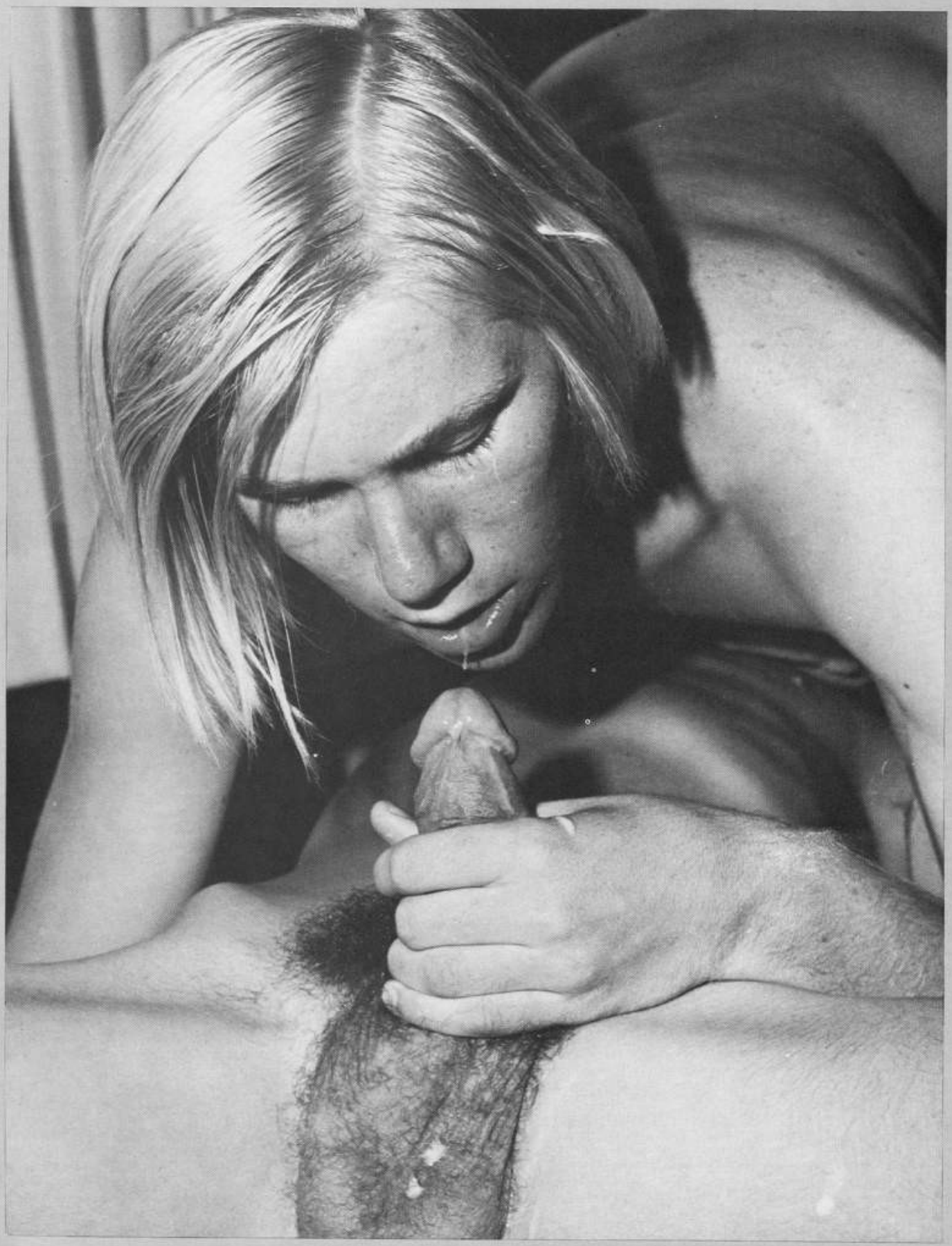
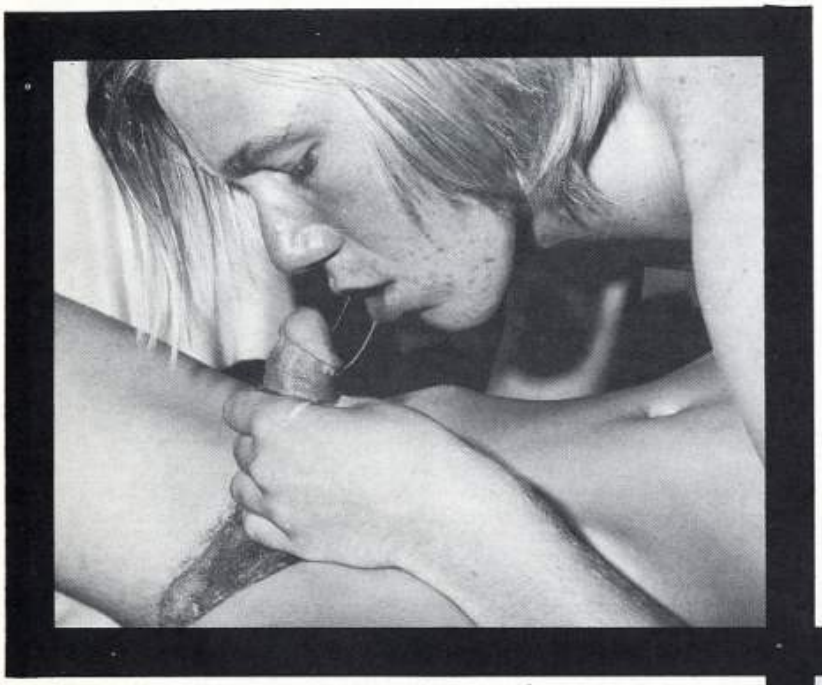
Ron could feel that his long-awaited climax was near. He needed so desperately the release it afforded, and at the same time he hated for this moment to ever end. For as long as he could, he held back the hot liquid that was waiting to gush forth from his groin. But then, there was no controlling it . . . the first wave of the fiery fuel tore up the shaft of his rod and burst forth into Ken's waiting mouth.

As Ken felt Ron's shaft expanding with the first load of spunk, he slammed his finger harder against Ron's prostate gland. Ron screamed to release the pressure in his head. His body was wracked with ever-increasing waves of passion as showers of his thick white sperm spewed out of his rigid rod. Never had he experienced so complete an orgasm. When, at last, the final charge of fluid had been emitted, he lay weak, unable to move.







ies. Within the depths of Ken's groin, he could feel the awakenings of new desires. Anxiously he began to massage Ron's slippery body with his tongue, licking over every inch of juicy flesh. Slowly the blood began to pour into his cock causing it to mount steadily upward.

The odor of Ron's body excited him as he plunged his face into the soft moist down of Ron's pubic hair. The area was moist with the sweat of sex, and the pungent odor only served to increase the

Ken continued to draw out every drop of the slick warm fluid. Pushing up hard against the base of Ron's staff, he forced the sac to release all of its contents into his waiting mouth. The liquid coated the inside of his mouth and slid easily down his throat warming him as it went. Ken rolled over on the floor beside Ron, his stomach full of the sweet-sour spunk from Ron's loins.

The two rested for a short time, kissing and caressing and enjoying the closeness of their naked bod-

demands of Ken's loins. Pushing Ron's knees up to his shoulders, he looked into the inviting cavity that was spread open before him.

He licked greedily around the puckering sphincter, running his tongue back and forth across the tight round hole. Making his tongue stiff, he shoved it against the tiny opening and felt it relax to admit the moist membrane. In an instant Ken's face was buried deep in the valley between Ron's melons while his tongue probed

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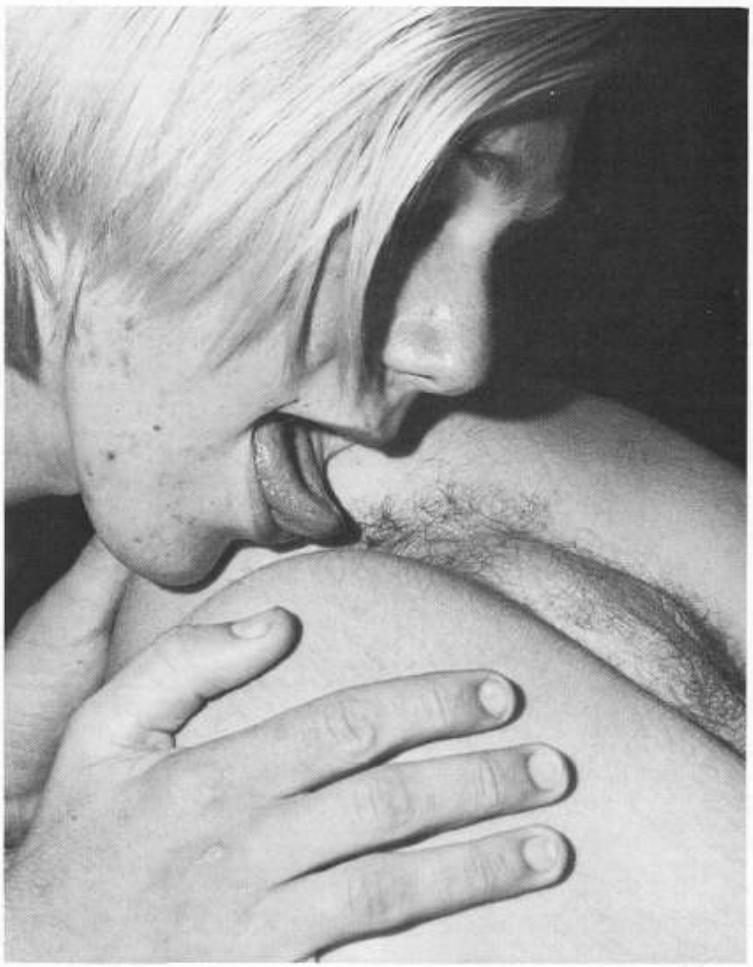

far into the velvet channel.

Ron pushed upward thrusting his buttocks harder into Ken's face. The sensation was almost unbearable. Ken's hot breath was blowing across the crack of Ron's ass, and his moist tongue was driving in and out of the taut enclosure. Ron began to rotate his buttocks pushing them harder into Ken's face.

Ron felt as if his hole had been explored to the fullest, but he was soon to find that he was very wrong. Turning Ron around so that he was leaning with his chest resting on a low stool, Ken got behind the boy and lay the head of his stiff slick pole against the opening he had just moistened with his tongue.

Pressing against the hole, gently yet forcefully, he felt the taut muscle begin to relax and the head of his cock slipped into the dark liquid warmth of Ron's canal. Ron jerked forward slightly, forcing the cheeks of his ass to come together like a vise on Ken's rod. Ken pushed harder and felt his tool being sucked in slowly between the walls of muscle that encompassed it.

Ron closed his eyes against the pain. He felt as if his asshole had actually been torn open by the entrance of Ken's blunt pole. Yet, it was pain mingled with pleasure as the rigid organ filled his canal and sunk deeper inside him.

Ken realized the pain that must be going through Ron's body, and he stopped to allow the muscles of the channel to rearrange themselves to accommodate his intruding rod. Shortly, Ron's pain subsided and Ken's pole slid easily in to the hilt.

Reaching around Ron's body, Ken grabbed his friend's rigid staff and held onto it as he pulled himself in and out of Ron's bunghole. The sensation swept over Ron's body like a breath of refreshing air. He ground his buttocks back-

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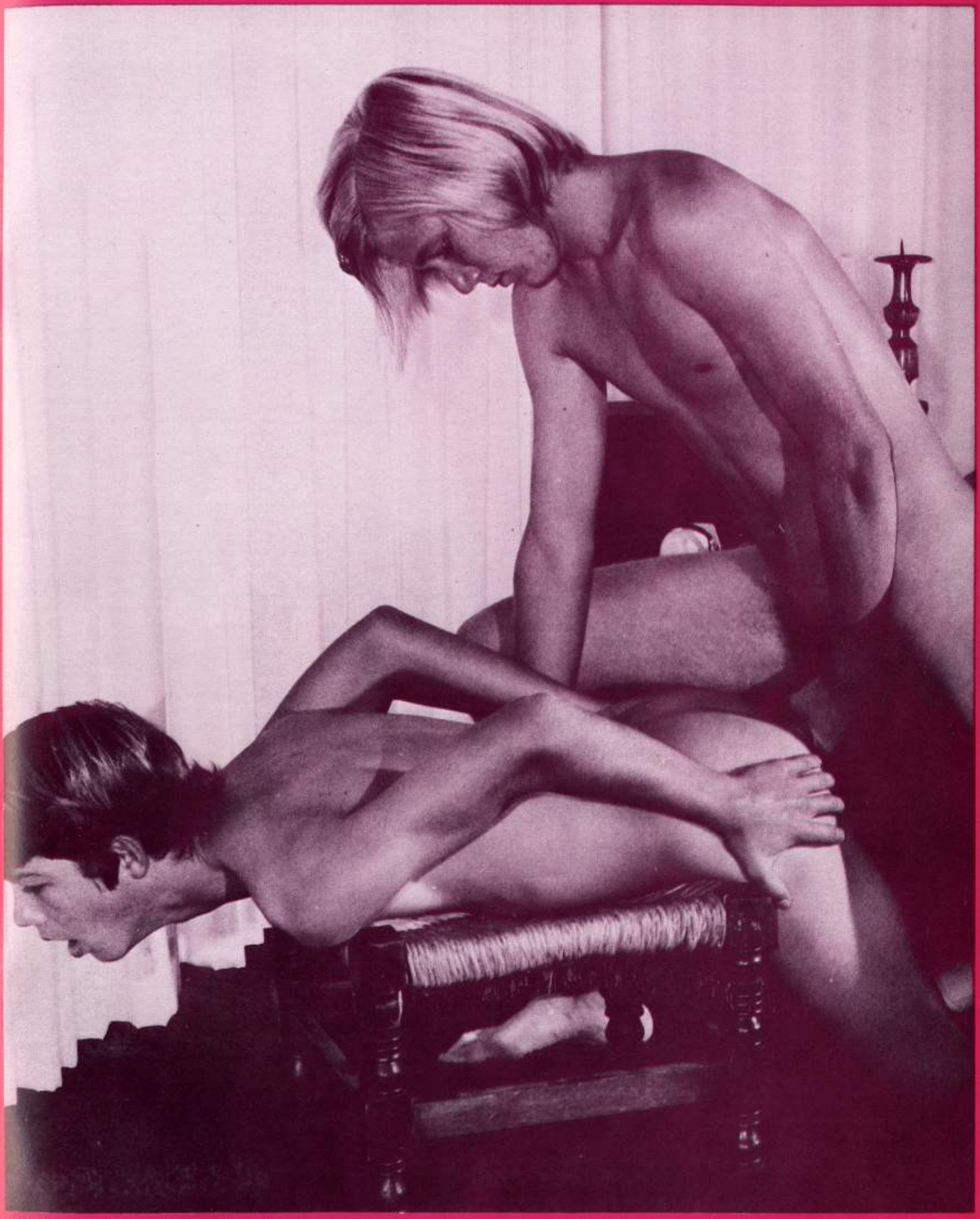
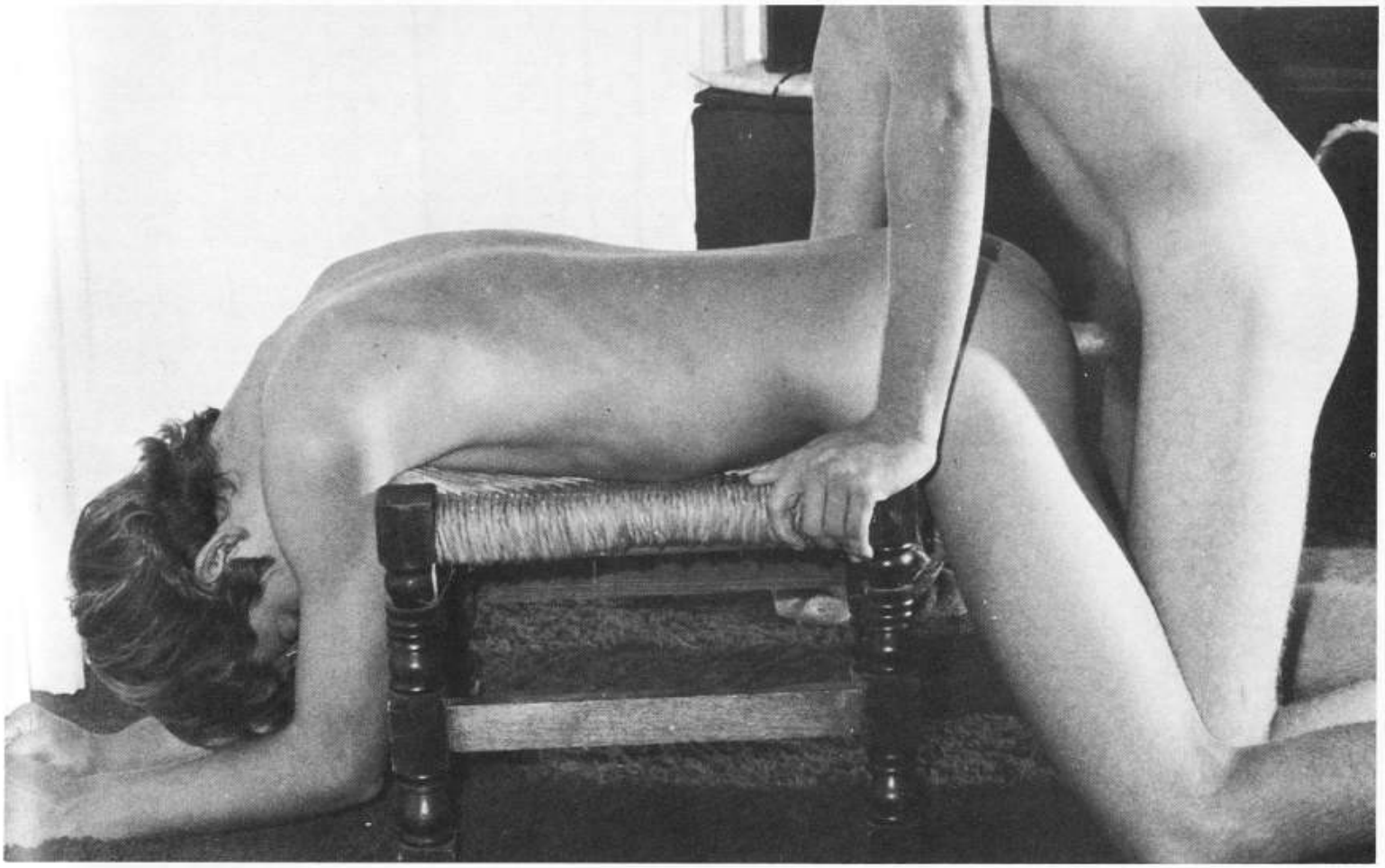


wards against Ken's stabbing pole. Time and again he felt the rigid muscle plunge deep inside him banging against his prostate. Ken continued to manipulate Ron's throbbing cock while driving deeper into him.

Holding onto Rob's erect shaft, Ken pulled his slick tool out of the cavern until the crown had just cleared the puckering hole, then he plunged it back in again with renewed force. It sent a burst of passion soaring through his body, exploding in his extremities like a million fireworks. Ken's hand slid swiftly up and down

Ron's cock while he pulled himself closer to climax with each new thrust into the boy's channel.

Ken could not last much longer. The hot spunk that played inside his testicles was begging to be spit out into another's body. The muscles of his cock began to expand signaling that his orgasm was near. He groaned as the twin orbs pushed upward in their sac against the base of his cock. And then the first wad of hot semen bubbled out of its tight bag and sped swiftly up the shaft exploding into Ron's wet cave. Ken slammed his pelvis with all his strength against



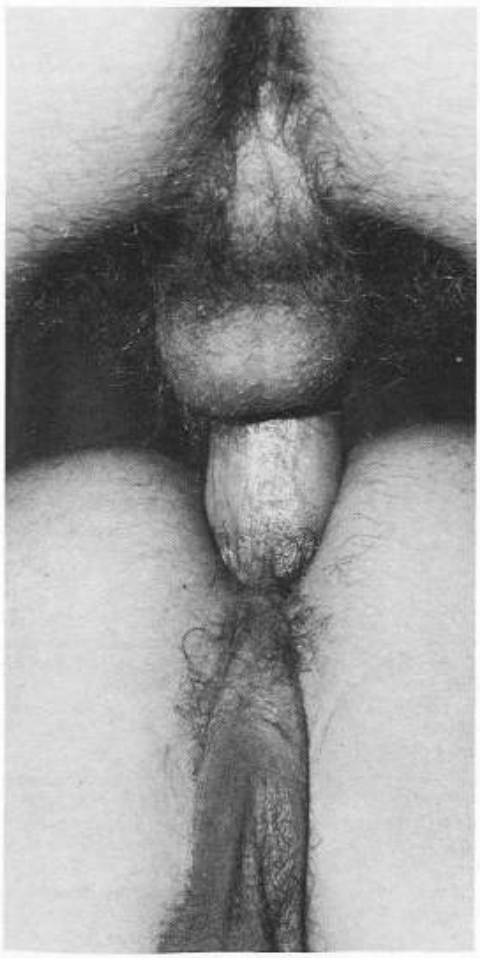
Ron's buttocks as the showers of pearly cum shot out of his body.

Ron felt the hot sticky liquid coating the insides of his chamber, and he ground his ass harder against his friend's pole forcing the pearly drops to penetrate deep inside him.

Exhausted the two slumped to the floor and lay silent for a time. Ron was really feeling the exertion of the morning's activity after his sleepless night, but he was reluctant to end this beautiful experience. His pole was still seeking to be satisfied again after the beating Ken had given it while he was fucking Ron.

In the bedroom the two resumed their sex play. Teasing and titillating each other to new heights of emotion. Licking, kissing, caressing the two boys were soon nearing the peak again. Swiftly Ken took Ron's waiting meat into his mouth sucking it hungrily.

Ron closed his eyes and drove



his rod relentlessly in and out of his friend's mouth. Ken's warm lips held the crown of Ron's cock while his tongue darted into the slit. Then he devoured the entire shaft of the cock far back into his throat. Ron gripped the covers of the bed tightly in his sweating palms and clenched his teeth together as he felt his body nearing its climax.

Ken sucked harder as the shaft of steel expanded in his mouth with its increased load of cum. Ron arched his back shoving his prong down deep into Ken's open throat. Then, like a fuse set off inside his testicles the droplets of hot white foam shot up the tube and crashed against the walls of Ken's mouth. Ken continued to swallow as the liquid filled his mouth to overflowing and poured out between his lips.

As the last burst of sperm escaped his body, Ron fell weakly onto the bed. His eyes closed for

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the first time in the comforting blanket of sleep.

He realized that making love to another guy had not made him "gay" nor would refraining from it have made him "straight." Like everything else it was all a state of mind. The important thing was that he had learned to love another human being in a new and different way, and that was what really made all the difference. Secure and happy in this new knowledge, his mind emptied itself of the conscious world, and he drifted off pleasantly into sleep. . . .